

PUNCHINELLO's  
SERMON;

Preached at the

Quaker's Meeting

I N

GRACECHURCH-STREET:

On *Sunday, May 14. 1727.*

To which is added,

PUNCHINELLO's *Love-Letter,*  
exactly printed from the Original  
in his own Hand Writing.

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L O N D O N:

Printed for *James Smith*, and sold at his Office in *George's*  
*Yard*, and at the *Bible* in *Lombard-Street.* 1727.

(Price Six-Pence.)

ST. R. M. O. N. S.  
PUNCHINELLO

Quakers Meeting

GRACECHURCH STREET



Printed for James Smith, and sold at his Office in George  
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(Price 2s. 6d. each.)

## Advertisement.

**P**UNCHINELLO's Morning's Discourse, and that in the Afternoon being much alike, I have given you the Substance of both in One. He held forth indeed, about three Hours, but the same bombastic Cant, the same stupid Foaks, and the same sudden prophane Transitions from the Language of the Gospel to the Dialect of Newgate were repeated twenty Times over.

He was often interrupted by some, who desired him to be silent ; to which he constantly made some ridiculous return, that set the People a laughing, and then he went on with his Sermon. I have made dashes thus — where those Interruptions happened, that so  
you



## Advertisement.

*you may not, as he says, confound what he spoke as a Minister of Christ, with what he spoke as a meer Man subject to Passions like one of us.*

*You will easily perceive, that he principally drives at two Things, one of which is to abuse the Quakers, and the other to place his own Case in a parallel with that of our Saviour.*

*There are a thousand Witnesses who were present when he delivered his Sermon, to whom I dare appeal for the Faithfulness of this Abridgement of it.*

**Alexander Blunt.**



PUNCHINELLO's  
SERMON, &c.

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*Friends and Brethren !*

**F**RIENDS I call you, as I hope you are such ; and Brethren, as you are all my Fellow-mortals. I do not mention these Titles with a Design to apply them to the *Quakers*, but I mean you honest *Churchmen*, *Presbyterians*, *Baptists*, or *Independents*, or whatever other Distinction, Name, or Denomination you may go under; 'tis to you that I have something to say.

I feel the Divine Operation of the Spirit of God upon my Soul! And woe be to me if I preach not the Gospel. And therefore --- Pray give me leave to  
speak

speak---Give me, I say, the Liberty  
 that was given to *Jonathan Wild*, to  
*Blueskin*, and *Jack Sheppard*, for they  
 were allowed to speak before they were  
 hanged---You will hear the Devil at  
 any time, and therefore you may as  
 well hear me for once---Dear Bre-  
 thren, Salvation comes by Jesus Christ  
 alone, God Almighty, in the Fulness  
 of time, sent his Only-begotten Son in-  
 to the World to become a Propitiation  
 for our Sins, and there is no other  
 Name under Heaven by which Men  
 can be saved---Bear Witness, Gentle-  
 men, *Joseph Groves* has tore my Coat  
 ---And yet the obstinate, perverse, and  
 unbelieving *Jews* persecuted him, even  
 as the *Quakers* have persecuted me. I  
 have been reviled, abused, and scanda-  
 lized, and yet my Conscience bears me  
 Witness---I speak the Truth as it is in  
 Jesus---I love the *Quakers* dearly, I  
 love them as that *Taylor* there loves  
 Cabbage---O the wonderful Love of  
 God to Mankind---Prithee *Pastry-Cook*  
 stand farther off---I do not know but  
 thee mayst make as good Mutton-Pies  
 as any Body, but I would not have thee  
 take me for a Piece of Dough---Touch  
 me, who dare---I defy the Power of  
 Angels,

Angels, Men, and Devils to hurt me ---

O my Brethren ! Let your Foundation be laid upon Christ, the Rock of Ages, and be not like the foolish Builder, who built his House upon the Sands, and when the Storms arose, the Rains descended, the Waves beat, and the Winds blew, the House fell, and great was the Fall thereof---Dear People---There stands a Man that has got great Judgment in Rabbit-skins---As for my own part, I have been a Preacher these eighteen Years, and a Shop-keeper a much longer time ; and tho' I say it, I might have got my Thousands, I might have kept my Coach, and been Master of a fine Estate, if it had not been for the *Quakers*, who have endeavoured to Ruin me, by vilifying my Character---Here stands one ready to tell ye, that he has seen me drunk. Well, it may be, so we have all been Transgressors ; and as our blessed Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ said to the *Scribes* and *Pharisees*, who had taken a Woman in Adultery, Let him that is without Sin among ye, cast the

B the



the first Stone at her --- Now here am I --- Here I stand fair for any Body that has a Mind to Stone me --- Let me see who throws the first Stone --- Come, who throws! who throws! who Stones me? What not one Stone yet? Will no Body begin ---

Besides this, they have fetched Whores out of *Bridewell* to swear other sort of Things against me. But I dare them to produce a Man of an unblameable Character, who has been an Eye-witness of what they lay to my Charge, one that will swear on his own personal Knowledge, that I have been concerned in such and such a manner with common Street-walkers. Indeed I do not so much Wonder at their bringing Jail-Birds to blast my Reputation; for I doubt not, but that they would rake Hell, and bribe the Devil, that old Accuser of his Brethren, to be a Witness against me, if it was in their Power. But blessed be God, who of his infinite Goodness has made me willing to suffer for his sake, who has enabled and strengthened me by his Almighty Power, to bear my Testimony for his Truth,  
and

( 11 )

and to be a Witness thereof, even tho'  
I seal it with my Blood, and suffer the  
Crown of Martyrdom for the same.

*For now indeed I am dispos'd,  
For a broken Head, or a bloody Nose---*

O my Friends ! Man is a noble Creature, a glorious rational Being, the most excellent Workmanship of the All-wise God, who made him after his own Image, who compos'd him of the four Elements, Fire, Air, Earth, and Water--- So that his Soul is filled with innate Ideas of Wickedness, even the Lust of the Flesh, and the Desires thereof, which are strongly turned thereunto, we being by Nature Children of Wrath, and prone to Evil as the Sparks fly upward.

O my Brethren ! I am a living Monument of the everlasting Goodness of God, in whom we live, move, and have our Being. The Angels fell, and the Saints above have been Sinners ; but as for Saints on this side of the Grave, Lord, help us ! There is (as the good old Proverb says) no Cheat like the Country Cheat, nor no Bite like

like a Religion's Bite. These are they that muddle the clear Waters, that they may bring the more Money into their Pockets ; but they will get to Heaven never the sooner for having their Bags piled up to their Chins. Indeed we should be apt to call them Madmen if they went a Fishing with bare Hooks, and therefore they put on a specious Bait of Religion and Holiness, they pray in the Streets, make broad their Phylacteries, and look demurely, that they may catch the more Fish ; but I would sooner embrace an honest *Church-man* in a long Wig and Laced-coat, than touch the Hand of one of these rotten-hearted *Quakers* : For Wheels and Pullies, and Machines will never carry us to Heaven, whatever we may think of our selves --- I remember when I was a Boy, that by holding a Sparrow thus upon my Finger, and chirping to it, I taught it to fly under my Hat, and just in the same Manner are these Men made Ministers of the Gospel. But now to the Point in Hand.

When our blessed Lord went about Preaching the Gospel, and working of Miracles,



Miracles, healing the Sick, raising the Dead, and making the Lame to walk, the Blind to see, the Dumb to speak, the Deaf to hear, the self-righteous *Scribes* and *Pharisees* called him a Wine-biber, a Companion of *Publicans* and *Sinners*, and said, that he was mad, and had a Devil; and so the *Pharasaical Quakers* say of me. But blessed be the Name of the Lord for ever, I confess my self to be a great Sinner; but I can shew an innocent Face with Boldness --- See my Brethren! Here stands *Benjamin* the *Shoe-maker*, who has got such a scrupulous Conscience, that he cannot make Laced-shoes with white Heels; but if you'll go to my Friend *William*, you may have a hundred Pounds worth for ready Money --- And when our Saviour was brought before *Pontius Pilate*, and an Accusation was laid against him, *Pilate* could find no blame in Jesus, for he had done nothing worthy of Death, and therefore he sought to set him free; but so great was the Clamour of the *Jews*, who continually cried out, Crucify him, crucify him, that *Pilate's* Heart began to fail him, he began to fear that he should lose his place, and that he should

should be no longer *Pilate*; and so having washed his Hands, and said, *I am innocent of the Blood of this Man.* He delivered him up to the Fury of the People, and *Barabbas* the Robber was set at Liberty.

O my Brethren! I have met with *Pilate's* among the *Quakers*, such as have known my Innocence; and yet, for Self-interest, for Fear of disobliging my Enemies, and for Love of filthy Lucre, the Mammon of Unrighteousness, they have not dared to defend me, but have washed their Hands, as if they were innocent, and so delivered me up to Persecution.

Moreover, Brethren, I have not only met with *Pilate's*, but with *Herod's* also, who have become Friends in conspiring against me, as they formerly did against the Lord of Life and Glory --- Methinks this Meeting looks like the *Bear-Garden* at *Hockley in the Hole* --- But I don't like to be Baited --- Keep your Hands off --- I think it's very fit that our Sovereign Lord GEORGE should be made acquainted with your Proceedings, and how I have been treated

treated by you --- And it may be done  
 sooner than you imagine --- For I have  
 already taken some Measures to get  
 my Case drawn out, and the World  
 shall know it as soon as ever it's made  
 an End of --- Dear People, Our Lord and  
 Saviour Jesus Christ has left us an in-  
 fallible Rule whereby to distinguish his  
 Disciples from others; *By this shall all  
 Men know, that ye are my Disciples, if  
 ye Love one another.* O that we may  
 be all found in this Divine Love, which  
 is the Bond of Religion, whereby we  
 may be joined in Unity together; where-  
 by we shall be stirred up to Brotherly-  
 Kindness and Charity, and the Procrea-  
 tion of Children, for the raising up a  
 new Generation; But where there is  
 Envy and Wrath, and Malice, and Evil  
 surmising, and opprobrious Language,  
 there the Love of God abideth not ---  
 Now here stands an honest Friend be-  
 fore me --- I have heard him called ---  
 But I bar all such Reflections, I bear  
 my Testimony against them --- I say,  
 Friends, I have heard him called by  
 the Name of *Death's Head upon a  
 Mop-stick*; but far be it from me  
 to encourage such reviling Spirits,  
 for



for I desire not to raise Levity among  
ye \* —

Now we shall be smothered with  
Petticoats--Petticoats of five Breadths--  
O what a Shame it is that a Woman  
should be suffered to start up like a  
Jack in a Box, or a Poppet at *Bartho-*  
*lomew* Fair, and make a squeeking like  
a Parcel of Pigs in a Sty, when the  
Swineherd is putting Rings into their  
Noses, and then to tell ye a Nurse's  
Tale of Tittle-cum-tattle, to Lullaby-  
baby the Child to Sleep,

*When it often comes to pass that the  
Nurse her self takes a Nap,*

*And the poor Child is ready to cry its  
Heart out for a little Pap.*

---O why will ye regard foolish Wo-  
men, who are always a Learning, but  
never grow wise! Take Notice of St.  
Paul's Doctrine, *Suffer not a Woman*  
(says he) *to speak in the Church, but if*  
*she will learn any thing, let her ask her*  
*Husband at Home* ---

---

\* Here a Woman stepped up, and began to speak.

\* As

\* As for the *Quakers*, they may go as fast as they will --- There's the Door the *Carpenter* made, it stands wide open ; but if there is not room enough, let them pull down the Posts and all. See there ! see there ! Ha ! ha ! ha ! There they run, as the Swine run into the Sea, when the Devil possessed 'em--- 'Tis well there's never a Sea in *Whitehart-Court*, for if there was one, they would all be in Danger of drowning.

As for you, Gentlemen, who are not *Quakers*, I have something farther to say --- Stand your Ground, the *Quakers* dare not turn you out--- Our blessed Lord was crucified betwixt two Thieves, and the two Thieves both reviled him --- And Jesus cried aloud, *Eli, Eli, or Eloi, Eloi, Lama Sabachthani* ; which being interpreted is, *My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me !*

--- O how have the *Quakers* reviled me in the Midst of my Sufferings ? --- I

---

\* It being about the usual Time of breaking up the Meeting ; some Persons advised the People to depart, upon which several went out.

C

have

have lost above three hundred Pounds this Year --- As for your holding Water-Baptism and the Supper to be of Divine Institution, and therefore observing 'em as a Religious Duty, God forbid that I should censure you for so doing; for though we may differ in some Cases about Words and Forms, and Ceremonies, and all that, yet we mean the same Thing in the main.

Gentlemen! The *Quakers* have used me in a most inhumane and barbarous Manner; but I shall say no more about it at present, because, I design, as soon as possible, to give you the whole Narrative in print, and so God bless ye all. —

A Faith-



---

A Faithful

**C O P Y**

O F

*PUNCHINELLO's*  
**LOVE LETTER.**

Printed from his

**Own Original Manuscript.**

---

LOVE LETTER  
TO ARCHIVES  
COPY

Own Original Manuscript

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THE  
P R E F A C E.

**T***Hough Punchinello has  
always been at as  
great a Variance with  
good Manners and common  
Sense, as he now is with the  
Quakers ; yet his Cronies  
give out, that the only Reason  
why those People will not per-  
mit him to Preach, is, because,  
forsooth, he has got more Wit  
than twenty of them.*

*He is indeed an old Dab at  
Joaking, for he cracks Joaks o'  
Sun-*



Sundays; but then the Misfortune is, that even a Maudlin Basket-woman would be ashamed to utter any Thing so very insipid and scandalous.

If the People laugh at what he says, the Fool presently grows vain upon it, not having the Sense, poor Soul! to perceive that they make him the Subject of their Ridicule.

But since we cannot always Form a nice Judgment of a Man's Capacity from his public Discourses, there being some who speak but meanly, and yet discover an excellent  
Genius

*Genius when they write: I shall give you a Copy of PUNCH'S Love Letter, that you may see what a Figure he makes when he goes on without Interruption, and has not the Presence of a Congregation to put him out of Countenance--For the Man is as modest as my dear Friend Toby Dismal.*

*The Letter is genuine, and is faithfully printed from his own original Manuscript, which I still keep by me for the Satisfaction of the Curious. I have had it these ten Years. It has no date, but considering how long he was married to  
the*

*the Woman it was sent to,  
we may compute it to be writ-  
ten about thirty Tears ago.*

*In this Epistle you will  
find such Raving and Whi-  
ning, Religion and Scurrility,  
Sense and Breeding, Spelling  
and Syntax, as never came  
from any Man but Punchi-  
nello.*

**PUNCH.**



**PUNCHINELLO's  
LOVE LETTER.**

**T**HOU Monster and True Emblem of Ingratitude and Infidelity For so May I Term Thee Not in the Least Straying from the Rules of Justice and Equity Or Speaking from Bare Report or Hear Say But from Wofull Experience do I Conferr This Title upon Thee which is Scarcely equal to thy Deserts and no Stranger then Infalliably True, Therefore do I hold my Self Guiltless as to my Charge, and Were it not to Discharge my Conscience Towards Thee, Should have Omitted to appear after this Manner Which Perhaps at First Sight may seem But as a Threadbare Repetition or Unwellcome Adress to Implore or Crave a Favourable Reception

D

tion And so Like Quacks Bills not  
 worth Reading may serve for such Like  
 Use, But when Thou has made perusal  
 Thoult find the Contrary Which  
 For Sure Can't Choose But Answer to  
 Content Being what Thou has Long  
 Strove to attain doubt not But with  
 open Arms Twill readily be Embraced  
 and Thou may now Say Long Look  
 for is come at Last, Thou Ungrateful  
 Wretch True it is I have often repeated  
 my Love Towards Thee and that  
 in as much Sincerity as ever Man did---  
 I need not Labour to Convince, Many  
 Years Experience hath Confirmed the  
 Truth thereof to Thee, Thou Tyrant  
 happy had I been If I had never known  
 Thee and Twice Happy If the Extent  
 of my Fidelity had not been so Publick  
 so Open and Barefaced Tho Rocky  
 Hearted Wretch how Often has Thou  
 delighted to Torment and Agravate  
 Yet still thus Condesending have I been  
 Even as a Worm Continually Trampled  
 under Foot. Which Frequently  
 thou has Manifested and that in Scorn  
 and Disdaine If Possible to Overwhelm  
 Thy Will has been Good, Endeavours  
 hath not been wanting in the Least  
 But

But Used with Vigour for my Total  
 Ruin --- Yet Again For all This How  
 have I Stooped and Cringed Like a  
 Beggar for an Alms. From one Time  
 to another, Yet Thy Heart so Flinty  
 and Abdure. No Compassion But Com-  
 paratively Cruel Dives Like hath Turn-  
 ed me from Thy Gate Banished me  
 from thy Presence Thou Wretch Sure-  
 ly Pride hath made Thee her settled  
 Dwelling Place Her only Residence,  
 Let me Tell Thee Thou Entertains  
 very Bad Guest, Thoult Witness in the  
 End my Words to be too True Consi-  
 der Thou Matchless One, Have I not  
 as a Seal or Testimony of my Entire  
 Love profferd more Then Thou Could  
 Well ask or Require of me, Which  
 should never have done If Either Riches  
 or Line had Byass'd my Judgment I  
 speak not This to Reflect in the Least  
 on Thy Parentage Nor on Thee for  
 want of Wealth But Purely to show If  
 Possible the Extent of thy Ingratitude  
 which has been handed forth without  
 Measure Towards one who have deser-  
 ved Farr Better Things from thee,  
 Thou Most Cruell Wretch Doth not  
 Thy Conscience Accuse Thee Can'st



be Easy hast Thou done Righteously  
 If so Well, But I Know the Contrary,  
 However I shall not Seek a Recom-  
 pence at thy Hands Thy Debt is more  
 then Thou Can ever pay But Leave it  
 to God Almighty Who knows the Se-  
 crets of all Hearts both Thyne and  
 Myne And will Repay every one Suit-  
 able to their Doings He Knows my  
 Sincerity Towards Thee and also Thy  
 Ingratitude He will Plead the Cause  
 betwixt us ---As For my Part I desire  
 never to see thee more Much more to  
 Intrude so as I too often have done  
 No No That day and Time is past and  
 over and what once Lay at my Heart  
 I hope will be at my Heels Thy Go-  
 vernment is Fallen Thy Reign is End-  
 ed I am Now no More a Subject Nay  
 Worse a Slave to Thy Tyranny Thou  
 Rocky Hearted Wretch Since Thou has  
 so Much Detested the Proffers of my  
 Love and Scorned me as One Not Wor-  
 thy to Wipe thy Shoes and hath so  
 Earnestly Desired to be Left to thy  
 Liberty, In Zeal and Detestation to  
 Thy Ingratitude I Grant it Freely and  
 Clear my Self from Thee from this  
 Time henceforth and for ever so as I  
 have

have done with Thee Let one more  
 deserving Attain what hath been De-  
 neyd me for my Part I shall never be his  
 Hindrance, But Rather Lend an Assist-  
 ing Hand to Propagate the Matter, In  
 Mean Time Thou may Post me For a  
 Fool and so may all that Knows me If  
 they Know as Much as Thou dost, I  
 Need not press Thee to it Thy Tongue  
 Will be swift Enough to Belpatter me  
 Yett I value it not Knowing My Con-  
 science is Discharged Justly towards  
 thee Therefore Thy Cursing or Blef-  
 sing Frowns or Smiles are Much alike  
 to me Base Proud and Scornfull as Thou  
 art, Time was Twas otherwise But  
 now the Case is Allterd Now Goe  
 and Tyranize Elsewhere For Thou  
 shall no Longer over me If Thou Can  
 Find my Fellow Bore a Hole through  
 his Ear and Make him Thy Devoted  
 Bond Slave for ever But Belief is  
 There's not many Like my Self and  
 Though Time was I Loved to Excess  
 So Time may be I hope I shall as Much  
 detest Thee Dost Think I am Spannel  
 Like that the more am Hated, The  
 More still to Love Thee That has been  
 too Long already But Longer Then  
 Ever

Ever it shall be again. Thou Foolish  
 Girl Thoult Find the Contrary, Goe  
 gett Thee gone as Thou saidst Thou  
 would where I should not find Thee,  
 The Sooner the Better I shall be ve-  
 ry Glad to see it dont prove Thy Self  
 a Lye But Tis very Like Thoult  
 Tarry to Aggravate Alas That Sham  
 will never Take, My Indignation is  
 so Kindled against that Spirit of In-  
 gratitude, that dwells so Plentifully in  
 Thee so that Goe or Tarry Thou has  
 Thy Liberty Act as Thou sees Meet  
 It shall not move or Concern me  
 For I must Needs say Better is Thy  
 Room then Thy Company Prithee  
 Pack away Home to Saint Albans No  
 Matter how soon It shall not Trou-  
 ble me But Wish Thee Fair Wind and  
 Weather Thou shall not have Cause  
 to Say, I Wonder Youll Come Near  
 me No No Wondring Will make  
 Thee Look Old and so Thou Miss  
 Sale, As Wise as Thee has withstood  
 their Markett, Foolish Girl Thy Cun-  
 ning Wit may Deceive Thee, as Proud  
 and Conceited as Thou art No Mat-  
 ter If it does I shall not Pitty Thee,  
 In Mean While I Look upon Thee as  
 Thou



( 31 )

Thou art Knowing Those that have  
Manners will show it and so hast  
Thou Thyne with a very Unmodish  
Countenance However I am Clear  
from Thee so shall rest and not add  
more But That

I am,

*Thy very much abused Friend,*

PUNCHINELLO.

F I N I S.

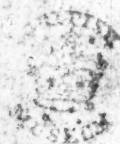
( 21 )

Thou art knowing Those that have  
Manners will show it and to half  
Thou Thyne with a very Unmannerly  
Countenance However I am Clear  
from Thee to shall rest and not add  
more But That

I am,

Thy very much obliged Friend,

PUNCHINELLO.



F I M I S